


fidential clerk for John H. Bloodgood & Co.,
brokers in the Mills Building, and Frank Robert-

56 Broadway. Windows of Mr. Sage's office looked out in Rector-st. On the other side of the outer room was a partition of wood and glass with a door in it. Between that partition and the windows was a door which led to Mr. Sage's inner office, which was to the west of

the outer office. On the same floor, at the Broadway end of the building, were the offices of W. E. Connor & Co., the Wall-st. brokers, while at the Church-st. end, and also on the same floor, were the offices of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company. George Gould, Jay Gould's son, was in the vice-president's room, two rooms removed from Mr. Sage's inner office. Colonel Hain and other officials of the railway company were in rooms overlooking Church-st. Ex-Governor A. B. Cornell was in his office on the third floor of the



RUSSELL SAGE, from a photograph taken when he wore a beard.

building. Charles E. James, a broker, of No. 7 Nassau-st., entered Mr. Sage's outer office about twenty minutes after noon to keep an appointment with the millionaire. He noticed the tall stranger in the little private hall as he passed in.

MR. SAGE COMES IN.

Learning that Mr. Sage was not in at the moment Mr. James sat down at a table in the outer office to wait. A minute later Mr. Sage entered. He greeted Mr. James and invited him into the inner office. Robertson and Laidlaw also were anxious to see Mr. Sage on business for their firms. In Robertson's hand was a certified check for \$9,000, and he had gone to the office to get

Mr. Sage and Mr. James barely had time to sit down in the inner office when the stranger forced his way into the outer office and stood at the door in the partition, demanding to see Mr. Sage. One of the clerks had asked Mr. Sage to see Robertson and Laidlaw, and Mr. Sage walked back into the outer office. Mr. James sat alone in the inner room. Colonel Slooan went to the door of the room.

The stranger spoke to Mr. Sage and thrust into his hand a card on which the name "H. D. Wilson" was engraved.

"I came here from Mr. Rockefeller to see about some bonds," he said. "This will explain," he said.

added, producing a type-written letter.

Mr. Sage unfolded the letter and glanced at its contents. He started and changed color as he read. The letter was short and to the point. It was a demand for the immediate payment of \$1,250,000 to the hearer, coupled with a threat that the writer would blow himself, Mr. Sage and everybody else in the building into eternity with dynamite if the demand was not complied with.

Trembling with excitement, Mr. Sage said something about the impossibility of raising such a sum at the moment, and asked for time to consider.

"There is no time," said the madman.

HE had drawn a revolver from his pocket with his right hand, while in his left hand he still held the satchel. Mr. Sage did not see the revolver, but Robertson and one or two of the clerks caught sight of the shining weapon, and they cried out: "Murder!"

THE MADMAN DROPS HIS SATCHEL.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Mr. Sage folded the letter and handed it back to the writer. The stranger dropped the revolver back into his overcoat pocket and received the letter. Mr. Sage turned rapidly back toward the door of his inner office. At that moment, as the cry of "murder" still sounded in the outer room, the madman

must have let the satchel fall from his left hand. A flash and a loud report were accompanied by the rocking of the big building from top to bottom. Mr. Sage and other men in his outer office lost consciousness for a moment. Norton was blown out into Rector-st. with the sash and glass of the window in front of which he had stood. The other men fell to the floor. They were covered with the fragments of the partitions, which were shattered, and with plaster which fell from the ceiling. Mr. James was thrown from his chair in the inner office, and he was struck by flying fragments of the partition between the rooms. He was one of the first to recover the use of his faculties. The office was filled with a cloud of dust which he coughed and tried to sweep his way out.

When he arose and tried to grasp his way out, he ran against Mr. Sage, who had got on by his feet, dazed and well-nigh blinded.

"Wait a moment till the dust settles and we can see where to go," he said to the millionaire.

They waited there a minute, hearing the groans of other men in the office, and a swelling cry which came from a hundred or more men in other parts of the building. Then they passed to the outer hall, avoiding a hole which had been blown through the floor of the outer office near the place where the glass and wooden partition had stood.

RUSHING FROM THE BUILDING.

A crowd was gathering on the landing and in the lower hall and many men were rushing

from the upper stories toward the sidewalks in Broadway and Church-st. when Mr. Sage and his friend passed out, and crossed to O'Connell's drugstore at No. 82 Broadway. Colonel Slocum